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Western

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NO. 34

In this issue

**THE
LISTENING
LOOTER**

HOPALONG CASSIDY

ROY ROGERS

GENE AUTRY

CISCO KID & PANTO

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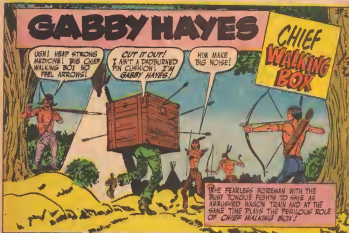
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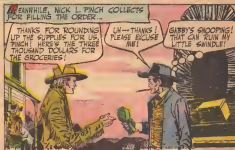
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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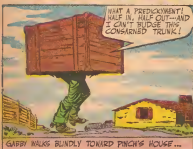
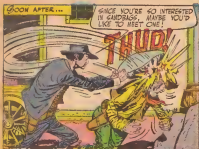
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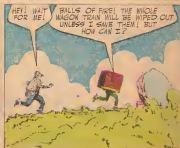
W. J. Fawcett, Jr., President



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LIGHT HE
NO FEEL
ARROWS!



LISTEN, INDIANS!
I'M GOING TO
TELL NUH SOME-
THING THAT WILL
MAKE YORE
BLOOD BOIL!



ALL! BY THE SPIRIT
OF THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING, THIS IS
END! HE STOP!

AA-MEOW!
YI-YIH!

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT, GENTS!
I'LL LEAD
NUH IN
BATTLE!



LET'S
GO!



AAH! INDIANS!
REAL
INDIANS!



WE'VE GOT ONE
CHANCE! TELL
THE BOYS TO
GANG UP ON
GABBY HAYES!

BANG! BANG!







YOUNG FALCON

RACE OF DEATH!



One day as Young Falcon, famed lone hunter of the forests, comes upon the savage, rushing waters of the Roman Rapids, he sees an Indian maiden whose birchbark canoe is out of control



YES, YES-- IF I CAN!

YOUNG FALCON LEAPS FROM ONE SLIPPERY ROCK TO ANOTHER TILL FINALLY---



I'VE AN EXTRA PADDLE IN THE STERN OF THE CANOE!





CABBY HAYES WESTERN



FASTER! WE MUST DRAW ABEAST OF HIM!
THE WATER GROWS CALMER! WE HEAR THE
RIVER! THE OTHERS ARE FAR BEHIND—
THEY WON'T SEE!



WITH PERFECT CONTROL, YOUNG FALCON SODDENDY SWINGS HIS
CANOE ABOUT AND ---

LOOK OUT---
YIIAAAAH!

THAT TAKES CARE OF
ONE VULTURE!



I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER LATER! I WANT TO
WIN THE RACE FIRST, FOR BRIGHT MOON AND HER
BRAVE! THE CHIEF HAS A WARRIOR WAITING AT THE
RIVER TO SEE WHO WINS!



AND SOON-- YOUNG FALCON IS
FIRST! HE IS THE
WINNER!



YOU MEEDLER! YOU WON, BUT I'LL
SPUT YOUR SKULL FOR IT! I SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN BETTER AIM LAST
NIGHT!



THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU TILL
I RETURN YOU TO YOUR CHIEF!
I WOULD SHOW HIM A JACKAL
WITH TWO LEGS!



LATER, BACK AT THE INDIAN CAMP---

I HAVE BANISHED THE TWO EVIL
ONES FROM OUR TRIBE FOREVER!
THEY HAD CONSPIRED TO SPLIT THE
WINNINGS BETWEEN THEMSELVES
AND TO MAKE SURE ONE OF THEM
WON! BUT THANKS TO YOU, THEY
SHALL NO LONGER ONSHONOR US!

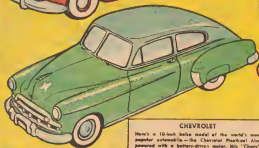


YES, THANKS TO
YOU, YOUNG FALCON, TARD
AND I HAVE WON THE PRIZE!
OUR HEARTS WILL BE WITH
YOU WHEREVER YOU GO!

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
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BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can make this model go any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this ruggedy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 387.



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JAMMER'S SHOWDOWN

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus



BUCK DESMOND had not been through the Tulare country for three years—and he was shocked when he saw what had happened to the rich forest land! There were long stretches of mountain where once the virgin timber had flourished. Now it was barren and empty, covered only by jagged stumps. Already, with the protecting trees torn from its surface, the Tulare land had dried out and was marked by the ditches and gullies of erosion.

Riding along on his strawberry roan, Buck shook his head grimly.

"The land's been timbered," he mused, "and a forest fire couldn't have been meaner! Whoever did this, cut the trees high and low, big and small . . . without any thought of replanting!"

He reined the red horse in sharply.

"This is the kind of logging that may ruin the West!" Suddenly, he knelt the roan. "C'mon, Sunset! As I recall, our old friend Ned Parker has a spread a few miles up yonder! Let's go see him. He'll probably know who's been doing all this logging—and if there's any way to put an end to it!"

For perhaps an hour, Buck rode until he reached a section of the Tulare range that was still well-covered with lordly pines. Smiling, he urged the red bronc on!

"Ned's spread is just over that ridge! And at least the logger hasn't gone to work on his land yet!"

But, as Buck rode over a sawtoothed mountain ridge and looked down into the valley below, he suddenly drew the roan in. For there, he saw the ranchhouse of his friend, Ned Parker. And, in the corral, he saw Ned facing a group of husky men, clad in the bright plaid shirts and heavy boots that were worn only by mountain lumberjacks!

"Looks like a fracas," Buck muttered. "Let's get down there, Sunset!"

Moments later, Buck Desmond's sharp voice cut into the group of men standing in the Parker corral. "Hold on there, gents! If you're aiming to have a ruckus, include me in!"

Gray-haired Ned Parker turned toward the oncoming rider.

"Buck Desmond," he shouted. "You're sure a sight for sore eyes! Set in for a stretch—won't you?"

But, even as the rancher spoke, one of the loggers pushed his way to the fore. He was a burly, black-browed man, red-complexioned, and with a brusque manner of speaking. "Cut out this here palaver, Parker!" he broke in. "As I've pointed out to you five times already on the map, this section belongs to the logging outfit I represent. We're aiming to cut it—and we're warning you to get out . . . afore your house gets wrecked by timbers rolling down the mountainside!"

Ned Parker nodded.

"Buck," he said, "maybe you'd better meet Jammer Sayles! He's the boss of these jacks—and he's been cutting toward this land for the last year!"

"That's right," said Sayles angrily. "According to our ownership papers it belongs to us. Everything west of the line drawn from Sling-shot Hill down to the county seat is ours! And you're getting out! Let's help them on their way, boys!"

Suddenly, threateningly, the big loggers moved toward Ned Parker and Buck Desmond. Swinging their long-handled, keen-edged axes, they meant business! And Jammer Sayles was in the lead! But, as they came on, Buck suddenly thrust his friend behind him and whipped out his Colt.

"Stay back," he gritted. "I'm warning you, Sayles!"

"Warning me?" the logger laughed. "Put away that popgun, or I'll—"

He never finished the sentence. For, as he brandished the long axe above his head, Buck Desmond suddenly pulled his trigger twice. The shots rang, straight and true, against the axe blade! Shouting in pain and surprise, Jammer Sayles dropped the axe, shaking his hand violently. His face beet red, he whirled toward his men, yelling, "Let's get out of here! They think they're smart, eh? Well, we'll have the last laugh."

As the angry loggers disappeared in the forest above the ranchhouse, Buck turned toward Ned Parker.

"What's it all about?" he asked the older man. "What was Sayles claiming about a boundary line—marked by Slingshot Hill?"

Ned Parker shrugged. "Slingshot Hill is a peak near here, with a tree that stands out above the others. It has two big branches in a fork—that look like a boy's slingshot! You can see it from miles away. That's the border marking the end of the ranch land, and the beginning of the forest land—which Sayles and his outfit bought! He claims that, according to the Slingshot Hill line, the land belongs to him now! But we don't see how it could..."

"I see," Buck frowned. "Here's what you'd better do, Ned. Get the other ranchers in this area who are threatened by Jammer Sayles and his loggers! Have them meet in your ranch-house tonight! Meanwhile, I'm going off to do a little inspection—and I hope I find something!"

It was late that night when Buck Diamond returned to the Parker spread. The neighboring ranchers had already been waiting for a few hours, and the atmosphere was tense.

"Gents," he said, "I've found out plenty. In the first place, Sayles and his gang were really putting something over on you! They chopped down that old tree that had been the landmark atop Slingshot Hill, and they planted it a quarter mile away! Of course it's dead, but they figured it would stay up long enough... at least long enough for them to clear all the valuable timber off your lands!"

"Why, th' ornery coyotes!" a man shouted.

"Hold on," said Buck. "That isn't all! I went past their camp... and I heard them talking. They're planning to raid us right now! Let's send a man for the sheriff—but we'll have to fight them off on our own!"

Quickly, the men made preparations for the coming battle. Extinguishing the lights, they loaded their guns and waited at the windows. They did not have long to wait! A shot soon rang out from the forest that fringed the upper edge of the ranch land. Then a whole volley of shots were heard, and one of the ranchers slumped forward, clutching at his shoulder.

Bending low, Buck slipped over to where Ned Parker was aiming an old shotgun.

"Ned," he said, "it looks bad. They've got us hemmed in and outnumbered, and they're liable to pick us off one by one... they're no riled. Tell me... where do they have their cut timber stored up?"

Parker scratched his head. "Let's see," he said. "Last I saw, it was stacked up, just a little uphill of where they're hiding now!"

"That's what I thought," Buck said. "Now listen! I'm going up there—and I'm going to work. If my plan pans out, Sayles and his rannies are going to come jumping out onto the open land, like a bunch of loco steers. You boys, get your guns on them and collect them. If they act hard—blast them!"

Before Parker could question him, Buck slipped out the side of the building into the night. Rapidly, he made his way uphill, past the firing loggers, and up the hills to where their logs lay, stacked in high piles. Seeing the timber, he smiled. "Ned was right!" he chuckled to himself. "They've got it piled bers, waiting until they drive the ranchers out, so they can roll it down the hillside and get it to a river for shipping! Well, it looks as if I'll have to lend them a hand!"

Finding a huge maul, Buck wedged it beneath the lowest log—the one that served as a sort of keystone, holding the others together.

Pressing hard, he tried to lift the lever, to loosen the log pile. But it held firm! Again he threw his weight against it, pressing with all his strength, until beads of sweat came out on his forehead. This time, the logs began to shift. Pressing mightily, he forced the lever down!

Suddenly, the logs began to roll loose, thundering down the hillside, following each other in a giant avalanche of timber!

Seeing the terrifying juggernaut racing down at them, Jammer Sayles and his loggers sprang for safety—which means the open field between them and the ranchhouses. Out in the open, they were defenseless, and within a few moments, Ned Parker and the other ranchers had captured them, and forced them to drop their guns.

Meanwhile the fury of the log-slide was soon over, as the falling timbers lost their momentum, and caught up against still-standing trees. Within a few moments, all was still, save for dust rising high from the widely-scattered logs!

Buck rose from the spot where he had taken shelter, against a huge boulder.

"RECKON when the sheriff hears how Sayles tried to trick the ranchers out of their land—and then tried to gun them off it, he'll be plumb irascible! And a good thing, too, if it means that this timber is left standing! Too many mean critters like Sayles have despoiled this land. It's got to stop—and if I can do anything about it... it will!"

THE END

CABBY HAYES WESTERN

LOCO LEW "HAS ROCKS IN HIS HEAD"



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A **COMIC MAGAZINE!**

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CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

GABBY HAYES

AND THE SKATING HORSE

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HORSES ARE TOO STUPID TO SKATE!

IF YOU HAD HALF OF CORNER'S HORSE SENSE YOU WOULDN'T MAKE SUCH INSULTING REMARKS ABOUT A GREEN-YUK!

**CRACK!
CRACK!**

THE TOWN OF RAINBOW HAS SEEN MANY STRANGE SIGHTS. (AFTER ALL, IT'S THE STAMPIING GROUND OF GABBY HAYES, IMPETUOUS FOWKMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING.) BUT EVEN RAINBOW IS ASTONISHED TO SEE THE SKATING HORSE!

TURBIE SMIT HAS JUST STAGED A HOLDUP, BUT SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE IS HOT ON HIS HEELS!

HALT, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

WE'LL WAB HIM EASY, SLIM! TURBIE'S LOGO TO PULL A ROBBERY WITHOUT A GETAWAY HORSE!

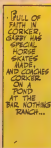
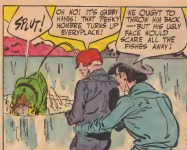
SURRENDER, TURBIE! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE TO ESCAPE ON FOOT!

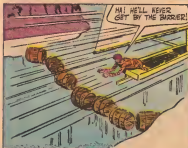
HA! HA! I'M TOO SMART FOR YOU, SHERIFF!

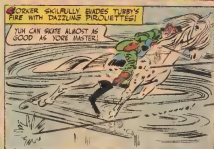




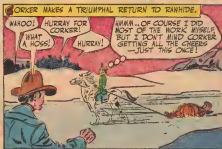


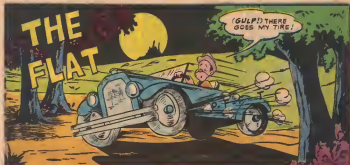


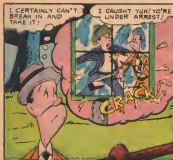














GABBY HAYES WESTERN



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1913, UPON GABBY HAYES WESTERN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT GREENWICH, CONN., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1934.

State of Connecticut (ss.
County of Fairfield)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposed and said that he is the Business Manager of GABBY HAYES WESTERN and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and, of the above-said publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1913, embodied in section 382, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, M. J. Heyman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Dugg, Fawcett Manus, 571 East Main Street, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (a) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. (b) owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated entity, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. (c) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwich, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwich, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe East Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. M. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Kinn, Concord, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Concord, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Russell, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (a) there are none, so state; None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the last of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (a) (This information is required from daily publications only)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1934.
(Notary)

LILLIAN M. BUCKLEY,
Notary Public.

Only commences expire April 1, 1935.

GABBY HAYES *and* The LISTENING LOOTER

POOR WING EARS WHALEN! IT'S TOUGH TO HAVE SUCH LARGE EARS AND STILL BE HARD OF HEARING!

FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THAT MY EARS ARE ACTUALLY THE SHARPEST IN THE WORLD!

Gabby has tangled with many tricky bandits, but none has a stranger approach to his nefarious trade than Wing Ears Whalen, **THE LISTENING LOOTER!**

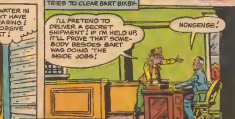
WITH THIS EAR TRUMPET I CAN HEAR CLEAR THROUGH THE WALL OF THE BANK! EVERY WORD OF THEIR SECRET MEETINGS COMES THROUGH TO ME!

MEANWHILE, THE BANK PRESIDENT HOLDS A PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH YOUNG BART BRADY...

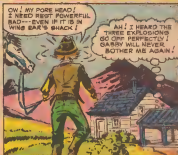
THIS SERIES OF ROBBERIES MUST STOP. OUR SECRET SHIPMENTS ARE HELD UP. OUR SECRET DOCUMENTS DISAPPEAR. OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE NERVE JOBS.

YES, SIR! NO OUTSIDER COULD KNOW WHEN AND WHERE TO STRIKE, BUT WHO COULD BE GUILTY?













GABBY HAYES

The TURKEY TROT



Sim Daggles plans to win dance honors with a pigeon, but Gabby reckons it's best to use a real turkey in a **TURKEY TROT!**

ONE-TWO-THREE!
ONE-TWO-THREE!
HOW AM I DOING,
BOOKING? I'LL
MY--UH--LITTLE
PIGCH
APPROVE?

1000
REWARD

SPLendid, Sheriff
Daggles! Miss Hester
will be overjoyed!
You two will easily
win the dancing
prize!

BARN DANCE
TONIGHT!
SILVER CUP
FOR THE
BEST
DANCE
TEAM!



NEVER FEAR,
SHERIFF! HER HEART
WILL MOLT WHEN SHE
SEES HOW LONG YOU'VE
PRACTISED DANCING
JUST TO IMPRESS
HER!

BESIDES, NO LADY CAN
CARE LONG FOR SUCH A
SUFFOON AS GABBY HAYES!
HE CAN'T DANCE TWO
FEET WITHOUT FALLING
ON HIS FACE!

I SURE HOPE SO!
BUT GABBY WON'T
GIVE UP HESTER'S
WITTLES WITHOUT
A FIGHT!

THE ONLY PRIZE
I REALLY WANT IS
MISS HESTER, HERSELF!
BUT SHE SEEMS TO
LIKE GABBY!









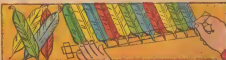


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(1) Cut out paper feathers from heavy construction paper of different bright colors. You'll need at least 10 or 15. Or use real feathers if you can get some. (2) Take a strip of cellophane tape long enough to fit around your head with a 2" overlap, and put it sticky side up on some hard surface (a desk or table). Tape both ends down. (3) Place the feathers on the tape, spacing them about an inch apart. Continue until all the feathers are in place. (4) Put another strip of tape on top of feathers, making a "sandwich". Remove the tape holding the headdress to the table.



Wrap the headdress around your head, using the overlap to tape the ends together. Now you're ready for war (and/or play)! (1)



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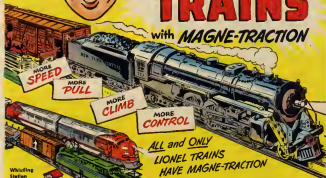


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